

RECKLESS EVENING

By MILDRED WHITE

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The little woman ran lightly up the steps and passed on through the long hall. As she opened the living room door a girl bending over a book glanced up questioningly.

"Why, Aunt Priscilla!" she exclaimed, "where have you been? It is after ten o'clock."

The little woman laughed softly as she paused diffident in the doorway. It seemed, as her dark eyes twinkled into the reproving face of her young niece, that the two had changed places.

She tossed her demure gray hat to the couch and sank into a chair.

"Really, I hardly know how to account for my lateness or my rashness, Lola," she said. "The past two hours have been like a foolish, adventurous sort of dream, and I thought that I had outgrown adventurous fancies, Lola."

"You will never outgrow adventure, Aunt Prissy," said Lola. "Now, tell me what happened."

"I took old Mrs. Dale home in the car," Priscilla began, "and was hurrying back along the avenue when I came upon a wedding party. The bride couple were, evidently, about to make their escape in a white taxi; while the other cars were maneuvering to follow. And I wedged suddenly into the narrow line, found myself, by degrees, exactly before the house entrance. And while I leaned back a tall man came swiftly down the carpeted steps and deliberately to the door of my coupe."

"Now," he said pleasantly, "you can start." As I turned to stare at him, the limousine and all the cars before it were off in a mad rush. The bride couple had slipped into their taxi, and the attendants madly agreed to follow—where no one knew.

"The man at my side was a fine looking man, his face aglow with interest and enthusiasm."

"Shall I take the wheel?" he asked eagerly. "I want to be there with the others when they stop at the station."

"And, Lola, I don't know what influence seized me then; it may have been the sheer masterfulness of the man's tones, or it may have been an infection of daring from the occupants of the cars all about us; but I bent to my wheel and I chased that wedding party."

"I don't remember seeing you at the reception," my companion said presently. "But I take it for granted that you are Mollie. 'Go right out, now,' Ned said to me, as they made their escape, 'and you will find Mollie waiting for you in the car at the door.' Ned used often to speak of his sister Mollie when we were college boys together. Now, possibly, you are married; if so, I am unacquainted with your new name."

"Lola," Priscilla leaned forward, "do you know what answer I made to do all that? I did not say, 'You are mistaken in your person. You have been mistaken all along. Mr. Take-It-for-Granted.' No; all I said was, 'I am not married.' Then, all at once my companion snapped open his watch and looked into my face."

"I am sorry," he said; "I have forgotten something important. I must ask you to let me out here."

"I came sharply to myself and to a realization of my own recklessness, and as I reached to unfasten the door I was thankful that I had not corrected the man's wrong impression. 'I will see you again,' he said."

Priscilla's gaze was on the fire, abstracted—long. The girl awakened her.

"And then, oh, unruly aunt," she mocked, "what happened?"

"I came home," Priscilla ended abruptly. She lifted her arm.

"Why, Lola," she exclaimed, "My jeweled bracelet; do you see it about anywhere? I had it on this evening when I drove Mrs. Dale home. I recall her admiration of the diamond clasp. Lola—I have lost it!"

The girl arose from a search. "The bracelet may be in the car, Aunt Prissy," she said crisply. "But my opinion is that your fine confident stranger has it in his possession."

Priscilla was on her feet. "Lola," she cried, "if I never find that bracelet, if I never see that man again, I know that he is innocent."

"Even," jeered Lola, "if your jewel were to be found in his pocket."

The door bell interrupted. Lola flew to answer its summons. A tall man stood in the doorway, his voice pleasant, vibrant, reached Priscilla. He held the bracelet out to her.

"Most amazing!" he exclaimed. "I found this trinket in my overcoat pocket when I felt for my gloves. It must have dropped in from your arm. I am happy to return it to you. When I called up Ned's home I found that I had mistaken another person for his sister, and it is fortunate chance, perhaps, that revealed you to me as I passed your lighted window. I said the pleasing stranger, 'am the minister who tonight tied my old friend's nuptial knot.'"

Japan. Enlightened by China. There appears to have been no written language in Japan till Chinese characters were introduced into Japan from Korea in the reign of Emperor Ojin, A. D. 285. The convenience caused by Chinese characters led afterward to the invention of katakana and hiragana, the Japanese syllabary, which contributed much toward improving the nation's language.

STORIES OF VENIZELOS' BIRTH

Two Legends Told, One of Them Narrated by the Great Greek Statesman Himself.

There are many legends surrounding the birth of Venizelos. According to one, his mother went to the Monastery of the Virgin near Canea to pray for a son, promising the child should be born in a cattle shed after New Testament tradition. Another tells the same story with this addition: When the abbot christened Venizelos he uttered, following the mother's wish, these prophetic words: "I baptize thee Eleutherios, for thou shalt deliver our long-suffering island from the tyranny of the Turks."

In the "Life of Venizelos," by S. B. Chester, still another story is told, based on incidents narrated by the Greek statesman himself at a dinner party in London. His parents, having already lost three children, decided to follow the local custom and adopt him as a foundling. There was a superstition that the child would survive only if treated in this fashion. Eleutherios was duly taken away from his mother and deposited on a heap of dry leaves outside the house. Passing by soon afterward, some friends, who, of course, played their role in the secret, "discovered" the child, brought him to his parents and urged that they adopt him as a foundling. They did, and Eleutherios survived and prospered.

LAW HAD BIBLICAL SANCTION

West Virginia Mayor Couldn't See Where Autoist Had Any Reason for Complaint.

Law founded on the Bible is good enough for Mayor Gilmore of Morgantown, W. Va. A local man charged with not having the tail light burning on his automobile was arraigned before the mayor, who assessed a fine of \$3.

The accused protested, said that it was a poor law under which he was fined and that he did not think it would hold water in court.

The mayor declared any law founded on the Bible was good enough for him. The defendant said he couldn't see where a tail light had anything to do with the Bible. The mayor looked pityingly at the accused and said:

"Do you remember the tale about the ten virgins, five of whom had lights and five of whom didn't? Well, if you do, you will remember that the Lord wouldn't have anything to do with the five without lights, and neither will this court."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Miniature Libraries.

A curious idea in book making is offered by a firm of French publishers. Their plan consists of substituting for the large pages of the average books microphotographic reproductions of them to be read through a magnifying glass.

It is proposed that the size of the plates representing pages should be internationally standardized, so that any one possessing the magnifying apparatus would be able to read any book produced in this way. No technical difficulties are said to be in the way.

It is claimed that the cost of production would be enormously reduced. Also it would greatly reduce the work of libraries now cumbered by books of every shape and size. The plates would be, moreover, of a fire-proof and durable material, while the system admits of an edition being enlarged to any dimension desired in accordance with demand.

Making Library Helpful.

Presuming that a public library is so well conducted that its custodians are able to direct applicants promptly to the volume asked for, the next step for an ideal institution would be to advertise the treasures which it holds in trust for all citizens. It would appear that the Newark (N. J.) library has reached the second stage, for it has been distributing circulars telling how the ambitious worker may educate himself by reading, and how the library can help him to find just the right things to read. Taking a cue from the methods of writers of eye-catching advertisements, the library entitled the circular in large type: "Get Wise Quick."—Christian Science Monitor.

Proud South American Cities.

If Caracas claims the title of "The Paris of the New World"—and so they called the Venezuelan capital in the century past—we ought to remember that Bogota, Colombia's capital, was early in the sixteenth century famed as "The Athens of South America." This city, founded in 1538, was a center of culture, before Harvard university had been thought of. Cartagena Colombia, is fondly known as "The Heroic City," or "The Cradle of South American Liberty."—New York Evening Post.

Engine Wrongly Blamed.

A very nervous man bought a motor car and a friend asked him to give him a lift. They found themselves in a crowded street.

The friend said: "Jim, your engine is knocking badly."

"Don't be a fool," was the reply. "That's my knee."

Looking Just Ahead.

Hydro-electric developments, totaling 13,500,000 horse power, and a doubling of the present ratings of central station plants, are regarded as probable within the next four years by some American authorities.



ONE OF THE BACK DISTRICTS

"You say he is an old-fashioned politician?"

"Decidedly."

"How does he manage to hold his job in this enlightened era?"

"He comes from a section where the voters are in the habit of re-electing the same man to office as long as he lives and sometimes vote for him five years after he's dead."

Decey.

"How did you happen to buy a motorcar?"

"It was this way. I was reading a story in a magazine."

"A motor romance, I suppose."

"No, but it was carried over into the advertising section and right then I discovered a make of car I couldn't live without."

Dangerous Aversion.

"Do you remember the old-fashioned copy book with the line, 'Honesty is the best policy'?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "It was a mistake to make that line a copy book task. Some of the old-timers I have met in business evidently wrote it till they got sick and tired of it."

Profitable Business.

"Who are these prisoners?"

"Convicted 'moonshiners' on their way to the penitentiary."

"Didn't I overhear one of them tell a friend not to forget to attend to a little matter at the bank?"

"You probably did. He may have a little matter of \$50,000 or \$100,000 in the bank."

Signs of Promise.

"I guess our boy Josh is going to be a genius," said Farmer Cornsossel.

"Ain't the genius business kind of uncertain?"

"A little."

"Nobody seems to know exactly what a genius is supposed to do, or whether he can earn a living. That's why I think Josh'll be one."



Oh Mrs. Wad, how is it that you are ready before your husband? Sh-h-h-h-h! I hid some of his things until I was completely dressed.

Seems True.

This world is but a fleeting show, And no wise man regrets it, For man wants little here below, And all the time he gets it.

The Complete Program.

"Women are not content to be admired for their personal beauty and taste in attire. They insist on being appreciated for their wisdom."

"Of course," answered the railroad man. "It isn't sufficient to stop and look. You've got to listen."

Hog Meat.

"I once printed a poem for that rural subscriber and today he sent me another valuable contribution from his pen."

"Eh?"

"A prime pig."

Pessimism Explained.

"Blank is always foreseeing disaster."

"Yes, poor fellow. You see his imagination works a lot better than his liver."

Unchanged.

Cobb—My mother still thinks the world of me.

Robb—Ah! A man never gets too old to enjoy hearing his mother brag about him.

Question Marks.

Lawyer (to lady witness)—Married?

Witness—Yes; twice.

Lawyer—Your age?

Witness—Twenty-eight years.

Lawyer—Also twice?

Sorry He Spoke.

Hewitt—A penny for your thoughts.

Jewett—I was thinking of a larger amount; can you lend me five—that is, \$5?

Nothing at All.

"There is to be very little change in trousers this year," says a fashion hint. If that bird is speaking of ours he's probably right.

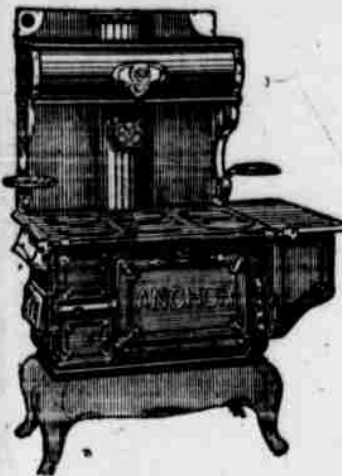
Very Undignified.

Hewitt—Grout hasn't any dignity.

Jewett—True enough; I understand that he lets his mother-in-law call him by his first name.

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